

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

"BORROWED FEATHERS"
AND
"THE YELLOW KIDS."

WRITTEN RESPECTIVELY BY J. G. MILLINGEN AND M. BARNETT.



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B O R R O W E D F E A T H E R S .

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY J. G. MILLINGEN.

First Performed at the Queen's Theatre, February 27th, 1836.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 11.]

[illegible]

SCENE.—A Village,

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty-five Minutes.

No. 967. Dicks' Standard Plays.

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COSTUME.

MR. MEREDITH.—A country gentleman's shooting dress; gaiters, and shoes.

SIR FRANK MILBANK.—Plain livery.

TOM TRAY.—Handsome green frock coat; striped waistcoat; trousers to match coat; *outré* dandy dress.

ROSAMOND.—*First dress*: White figured silk. *Second dress*: Servant's coloured gown.

LUCY.—*First dress*: Rosamond's second dress. *Second dress*: Same as Rosamond's first.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

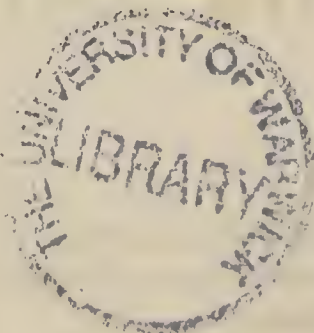
RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.



00247022

BORROWED FEATHERS.

SCENE I.—A Drawing-room.

Enter ROSAMOND and LUCY, R. H.

Rosa. Well, you are the most perplexing creature on earth, to tell Mr. Merryweather, my unele, that I had no objection to marry Sir Frank Milbank!

Lucy. La, miss, I thought you hadn't—that was quite natural!

Rosa. You have no business to judge of other people's ideas by your own.

Lucy. Why, miss, I fancied that my ideas were like everybody else's. For, do you know, next to spiders and blackbeetles, there's nothing I hate more than a single life; besides, everybody says that Sir Frank, who is to be the husband of Mr. Merryweather's choice, is rich, and handsome, and amiable, and all that, you know.

Rosa. Your handsome men are intolerable fops.

Lucy. Why, a man's in the wrong to be a fop, but he can't be blamed for his good looks.

Rosa. Good looks are, in my opinion, superfluities.

Lucy. That may be, but I know if I married, I should consider such superfluities as absolute necessities. Moreover, you have not seen the gentleman.

Rosa. Therefore I have reason to doubt whether he may please me. He has not seen me either, and this again is vexatious. 'Tis like a bargain—a settlement—a transfer of property.

Lucy. Aye, miss; the gentleman, they say, is a fine gentleman, that's enough for you—then he is wealthy, and that's enough for society—then he is generous, and that's enough for me. But why this terrible dislike to the marriage condition?

Rosa. Because it changes mine! Men are such jealous wretches!

Lucy. Well, ma'am, we'll make the wretches more wretched.

Rosa. Such deceitful monsters!

Lucy. La, miss, deceit is the currency of society, and I'm sure and certain we women can pay them off in their own coin—we are never in want of small change on such occasions.

Rosa. Look at my friend Lady Moany! Her husband, or rather her lord, is always smiling and smirking and in the best of humours abroad, but at home he is always cross and scolding, nothing is right, the fire burns dull, the lamps are dim, the dinner bad, abominable—roast meats puts him in a rage, boiled meat makes him furious, hashed meat desperate, and cold meat drives him out of the house.

Lucy. Delightful! I do like to go in and out

like the little men in the thermometer, each taking a turn about and back again.

Rosa. Then there's Mrs. Snowdrop! Her husband is a cold, calculating icicle. When she wants consolation her husband talks of *consols*, when her spirits are high he ponders over a *depression*, and when her eyes, brimful of tears, are fixed sadly upon the ground he comes in chuckling to tell her that *things look up*.

Lucy. Well, that's some consolation at any rate.

Rosa. No, no, Lucy; all that I see and hear of matrimony makes me dread it! The very word husband is odious.

Lucy. Madam, your *specification* might have won me over to your side but for that very odious word, which reconciles me uncommonly to the matrimony you dread. But here is Mr. Merryweather. Let us see what he says on the subject, with his phisology.

Rosa. My uncle, the philosopher, as you call him, sees everything in a favourable light. This morning, in the midst of a hailstorm, he went out, he said, to look for the sun, and when he came back groping through the fog, he swore that he was quite delighted that the sun did not venture out for fear of catching a cold.

Enter MR. MERRYWEATHER, L. H.

Mr. M. Beautiful day!

Rosa. Why, you are dripping wet!

Mr. M. So much the better. I shall enjoy the comfort of getting dry. I just took a turn on the grounds, the wind of last night rooted up our elm trees.

Rosa. What, in the beautiful avenue?

Mr. M. Beautiful? I'll plant young ones that will grow much finer in fifty years, and in the meantime I have an open prospect. But what ails you, you seem pensive? A bird lost, a geranium withered, or a party put off?

Lucy. No, sir, we were talking about a much more serious business. Marriage, sir! About husbands and icicles, and roast meat, and boiled meat, and consoling consols, and depression when things look up.

Mr. M. Oh, I understand! As usual, Rosamond has been abusing matrimony. Nonsense—there's nothing like it! I hate a single life; 'tis like a single light or a single dish on one's table. I'd forswear whist if I couldn't win a double game, and I'd never go out shooting unless I could bag a brace of birds. A carriage and pair or four-in-hand for me, instead of your selfish, pitiful apothecary's pill-box, or one-horse chaise; and in my

days the ladies knew so well my social habits, that they would never leave me *alone*.

Rosa. Yet, sir, you never married?

Mr. M. From the fear of leaving a *lone* widow; while it would have broken my heart to think that I could be so selfish as to become a widower. But I'm sure my neighbours always found me with their wives when they returned from their egotistic pursuits.

Lucy. I'm certain nothing could ever ruffle you, sir.

Mr. M. Nothing—nothing! The very thought of such a thin made me decline going to Court. But I say, Rosy, Sir Frank Milbank arrives here this very day, and we shall all be as merry as blind fiddlers; moreover, he enjoys a princely fortune.

Rosa. I am also independent, and therefore we can dispense with each other's assistance.

Lucy. Yes, sir; for my mistress says as how you know that husbands always wear pretty masks out of doors, but do nothing but make faces when they are at home.

Mr. M. Well, well, see this young Milbank! If you like him, 'tis a match; if you do not fancy him, we must look out for a more suitable connection.

Lucy. Oh, how such a look out would suit me!

Rosa. Your kindness, my dear uncle, would dictate obedience to me were you to command me even against my will, but I must crave a little more indulgence. You know I have sometimes strange whims?

Mr. M. And who has not? Whims are the zest of life—the spice, the cayenne of our existence, and I would not give up one of my lame hobbies for the King's state stud.

Rosa. Do you know love in a village, sir?

Mr. M. Love in a village! Aye; and love in a town, in a palace, and in a cottage. I've made love all my lifetime, when I couldn't find it ready made—aye, in tinsel and in tatters, in garrets and in cellars; had celestial inspirations in the first floor, from the skies, and quaffed amorous draughts underground, to bury dull care if I could, but I found that the rascal always rose again to meet me in your splendid drawing-rooms. And now for your rural amours.

Rosa. Well, sir, methinks that I should be delighted if my intended loved me for myself, unconnected with fortune and rank—in short, without knowing who I am, just like Rosetta in the play.

Mr. M. I see, in short, that you were married to a fool. Perhaps you're right; for, were it not for fools, we should never appreciate sense. Go on.

Rosa. Then my intention is to appear to him in a humble capacity; and for this purpose I shall personate my own maid, Lucy.

Lucy. Oh, Gemini, how delightful! Then I shall do mistress. Oh, I do so love a metaphormoses!

Mr. M. Ha, ha, ha! Capital idea—delightful, for when we play the parts of servants, we learn to be better masters. But will Lucy be able to play the fine lady?

Lucy. Leave me alone for that! I'll cry, and I'll faint, and I'll fall into kicksterics as well as the best of 'em.

Mr. M. You'll be asked to play and sing.

Lucy. Then I'll look quite timid and transmogrified. Oh, lud, sir, I never practises; the doctor

says as how it quite upsets my poor nerves! Ahem—ahem! But surely, sir, you sing like a blackbird; but something Italiano, if you please, from the last new opera; English is horrible—we have no national taste whatsomdever.

Mr. M. And you, Rosamond—how will you put up with his servant's impertinence?

Rosa. Keep your distance, fellow; a lady's-maid was not made for the livery!

Mr. M. Bravo—bravo! Well, have your own way. Let the consequences be what they may, I shall have nothing to say in the business.

Lucy. Between us both we'll manage 'em finely. Oh, Crimini, what fun!

Mr. M. And now prepare your masquerade, for I expect Sir Frank here every moment.

Rosa. Then quick, Lucy, to our disguise!

Lucy. (*Imitating her mistress.*) Lucy, girl, come and help me with my gown, and pray do not be as awkward as usual!

Rosa. Oh, that will do—that will do, and now let me get everything ready! (*She is running out, when Lucy stops her, and passes before her.*) Not so fast, Miss Malapert, if you please! I do declare there is no standing the impudence of those creatures. A respectful distance, if you please, Miss Lucy.

[*Exeunt, R. H.*]

Mr. M. Delightful! Oh, Miss Rosamond, you little know into what a scrape you have got yourself! By a singular coincidence of absurdity, young Milbank has hit upon a similar plan. Let me see what is uncle says. (*Reads letter.*) "My dear friend,—Frank starts to day to pay his first visit to your lovely niece. But I think it proper to apprise you that he has taken a singular fancy into his head; and he will personify his own valet, while his scoundrel of a footman, Tom Tray, intends to do the master. I know you are fond of a hearty laugh, and pray let it be at the coxcomb's expense." And so it shall! So, Master Frank, you would not take the description of Rosamond at my word; you shall pay dearly for your frolic! Though, after all, if in their respective characters they actually fall in love with each other, it would be a capital stratagem. But a post-chaise has stopped at the inn. No doubt it is my strolling player; so now to commence our performance, which most probably will differ from theatricals, which begin with a tragedy and end with a farce; whereas in marriage, comedy comes first and tears bring down the curtain, or a curtain lecture brings down tears.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—The Village.

Enter SIR FRANK MILBANK as Tray, and TRAY as his master, U. E. L. H.

Frank. Well, Master Tray, mind your manners, and do not under your borrowed plumage make a saucy magpie of yourself.

Tom. I shall never presume to crow over you, sir, though I might get into good feather.

Frank. And take care not to forget yourself in the lady's presence.

Tom. As to forgetting myself, that I never do, sir, especially at meal times; and as to the presence of the lady, I'll never be absent when the dinner bell rings. But allow me in turn, sir, to give you a little advice. My coat fits you well—uncommonly

well—you look quite the gentleman in it, but you want our ease, sir, our free manner, the deuce-may-care countenance of a proper well-bred attendant; your hat a little more on one side, and now a killing look at the young lady's abigail, an engaging smile to the cook; then you have tolerable legs, worth, I should say, forty pounds with any lady of taste, therefore, sport them, with your best foot foremost—just so, to create deadly hate, jealousy, and murder in the kitchen, wailing and woe in the nursery, and admiration, higher wages, and loftier prospects in the drawing-room.

Frank. I must endeavour to ascertain what sort of a body is Miss Merryweather's maid?

Tom. Woman, if you please, sir—t'other's quite out of our line.

Frank. And what sort of conversation must I broach with her?

Tom. Why, that depends upon circumstances, complexion, age, and general appearance. If she be a deuced nice girl, you may condescend, by way of getting acquainted, to take her round the waist and grant a kiss; if she be demure we demur our favours, and if she be a stayed dame, we stay with her as little as possible, until her tight lacing is loosened by our displeasure; but, generally speaking, smart fellows like you and I seldom patronize matrons, we call 'em *mem*, with a smile of ineffable pity, and, to vex them, bestow the cream of our conversation on the dairy-maid, or assist the nursery girls in dragging about the brats.

Frank. Then endeavour to learn all the good and bad qualities of the master and mistress.

Tom. With all the scandal of the neighbourhood.

Frank. Pet the lap-dog.

Tom. When the lady's at home; kick it when she's out, 'twill endear you to your fellow servants.

Frank. Laugh at the old gentleman's jokes.

Tom. But stand stock still at those of his company.

Frank. Be particularly polite to his favourite guests.

Tom. But spoil the clothes of such as don't tip as saucily as you conveniently can. But, above all, sir, say something in my favour, that I may render you a similar service with the young lady. Tell her I'm not particular, satisfied with two courses, am only allowed sherry and champagne by my doctor, and that a bowl of punch in the evening is especially recommended in my case.

Frank. And now, sirrah, return to the inn, while I break the ice.

Tom. And pray, sir, do not disgrace the cloth by answering a first call, sparing the larder, or the cellar of the house, or the reputation of its visitors.

[*Exeunt severally* — Tray, L. H., Milbank, R. H.]

SCENE III.—A Hall.

Enter ROSAMOND as Lucy, LUCY as Rosamond, and MR. MERRYWEATHER.

Mr. M. 'Pon my conscience, Rosy, a man sworn at Highgate might select his *rather*, and show his taste.

Rosa. Pray call me Lucy, for fear of a mistake.

Lucy. Never mind, girl, I'll take care of that.

Rosa. Now give me your work, that I may appear occupied.

Lucy. And, prythee, Lucy, hand me the salts—the *sally volatile*, as you call it—a fire screen, and

your quizzing-glass, that I may do the genteel thing; but, I say, fair play, Miss Lucy, if I captivate the gentleman you will *excuberate* me.

Rosa. You are welcome to claim the victory, but if I should captivate the servant—

Lucy. You'll give him back to me when I return you your wardrobe.

Mr. M. Admirably arranged.

Lucy. Leave women alone for *derangement*, we'll non compose his *ineffectuals*. (*A bell at the door.*)

Mr. M. But here they are, Lucy; run up to the drawing-room while we receive the footman in the hall.

Lucy. Oh, I'm such a *frustration* to see how this *apostrophe* will end!

[*Runs out, R. H.*]

Mr. M. And now, Rosamond, mind your *cue*, as the players say, and if you chance to hit both master and man, why, you'll have made a *cannon*.

Enter FRANK MILBANK, L. H.

Frank. I presume I have the honour to address Mr. Meredith Merryweather, a gentleman renowned over the country for his hilarity and hospitality. My master, Sir Frank Milbank, deputed me to announce his approach, though, to tell the truth, were I like him, wafted on the wings of love—

Mr. M. You'd have trusted your own pinions instead of riding behind anyone. Well, Lucy, I congratulate you on this addition to your companions.

Rosa. (*Aside.*) What a good looking young man! Sir, we shall do our best to make you comfortable.

Frank. (*Aside.*) What a beauteous creature! I am sure, Miss Lucy, wherever you are, comfort must take up its residence.

Mr. M. Very pretty and poetical. Pray, Mr.—what's your name?

Frank. Tom Tray, at your service.

Rosa. (*Aside.*) Tom Tray—what an odious name!

Mr. M. Then, Tom Tray, you *betray* your learning, for you have plundered that compliment in some of your master's books.

Frank. Pardon me, sir, I read it in Miss Lucy's eyes.

Mr. M. Miss Lucy! No missing here, if you please, among fellow servants.

Frank. At any rate, I hope I shall not miss my aim in gaining Lucy's good opinion.

Rosa. You seem to have a tolerable good one of yourself, but let me tell you puns fall short of their mark here.

Frank. Then I shall not expose myself to your displeasure, as the only ambiguity that might be allowable in your presence would be to doubt which of your attractions was most deserving of our praise.

Mr. M. Well, then, I shall leave you to become better acquainted, for fear I might be tempted to venture on a pun; at the same time, I must look to you, Master Tray, for a man so *dexterous* in flattery may fairly be suspected of *sinister* motives.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Rosa. (*Aside.*) I never felt so confused!

Frank. (*Aside.*) Hang me, if I know how to begin! Lucy!

Rosa. Sir—I mean, Tom!

Frank. Your mistress must be a very daring person.

Rosa. For what reason?

Frank. To venture to have so fair a follower.

Rosa. You have not seen her yet.

Frank. Nor have I the slightest wish. To tell you the truth, the circumstances which induced me to take service did not change my natural disposition, and, until this moment, I never fancied that I could cultivate with delight the acquaintance of a person in a similar condition.

Rosa. In that respect there seems to exist a similarity between us, since you appear superior to the sphere of life in which you are placed.

Frank. Certainly not on this occasion; but you, Lucy, you surely were not born for the situation you now hold.

Rosa. What I was born for is hard to say.

Frank. For happiness it must have been.

Rosa. I fear not. I was left an orphan in my infancy.

Frank. Then all who knew you must have vied with each other to alleviate your loss.

Rosa. The poor and humble have no right to expect more than common protection, though a gipsy once told me that I should be married to a man of rank and fortune.

Frank. 'Tis strange the same prediction was made to me, that a girl possessed of beauty and wealth was my destined bride, yet now do I hope that in one respect the prophecy was idle.

Rosa. And I fear that mine was equally fallacious.

Frank. For, to tell you the truth, Lucy, I have more faith in your smiles than in astrology, for certainly the dark wanderer did not predict that I should love you.

Rosa. That she might have foretold that your love would be of no avail, for, although fortune may have wronged you—

Frank. If you speak truth, love, who is equally blind, will have wronged me still more.

Rosa. If you—if you persist to talk of love, I must break off the conversation.

Frank. If you persist in inspiring it, I cannot be silent.

Rosa. Then, silence you dictate me?

Frank. If it gives consent, oh, never let me hear you speak until—

Rosa. You put me out of all patience, so let us talk on a more important subject. What sort of a man is your master?

Frank. (*Embarrassed.*) The question is not easily answered. He is young, rich, some say tolerably good-looking, has travelled far, but now finds that he can only meet with happiness at home. He was proud, but he is now convinced that rank can only be desirable when its splendour is reflected on the object of our affections.

Rosa. (*Much affected, and aside.*) I cannot bear this conversation any longer!

Frank. And, now, Miss Lucy, describe me your mistress?

Rosa. The task is difficult. She also is rich and young, she has not travelled, because she is convinced that the welfare of her country should be her chief pursuit; was proud, and still is sufficiently so not to allow her feelings to master her understanding.

Frank. All those are noble qualities, yet I am certain Frank Milbank will abhor her.

Rosa. And prythee, why?

Frank. I mean to say he will abhor her when he once sees her.

Rosa. (*With apparent anger.*) Again! Well, since you persist in this absurdity I must withdraw.

(*Aside.*) I should have done so long ago! And now, Mr. Thomas, if you wish to be on friendly terms with me, you know my conditions.

(*She courtesies, and is withdrawing.*)

Frank. Stop, Lucy—stop for one moment. I have something very particular to say, but I have quite forgotten it.

Rosa. And I also had—had some questions to ask you, but—but—but somehow or other they are quite gone out of my head. Well, sir, what is it you want to know?

Frank. Nothing!

Rosa. Nothing?

Frank. (*With emotion.*) Lucy, are your affections engaged?

Rosa. My promise is!

Frank. To whom? Speak, in mercy's name!

Rosa. You had better ask the fortune-teller who predicted your fate.

Frank. Then, if she told the truth, I could hang every gipsy in the land. (*Bell rings.*)

Rosa. Why don't you run, Mr. Thomas?

Frank. Would you have a good servant attend the first call? (*Bell rings again.*) Curse all bells!

Rosa. What all?

Frank. Save those that ring the peal of happy love! Farewell awhile, Lucy—dear Lucy! (*Aside.*) My destiny is sealed for ever.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Rosa. Unfortunate stratagem! I know not how to extricate myself from this dilemma. There is something singularly interesting in this youth. Yet he is a footman—a domestic! Circumstances, he says, reduced him to this necessity. Who is he? Who can he be? If unfortunate, surely there can be no crime in pitying him; yet even pity is condemnable.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE IV.—A Drawing-room.

Enter TOM TRAY, handing in LUCY as Rosamond.

Lucy. Oh, sir—dear sir, the suddenness of your popping the question has produced such an oppression upon my too perceptible feelings. You know—

Tom. Fair lady, if I am allowed to bask in the sunshine of your good graces, I would not care if coals were fifty pounds a ton.

Lucy. La, Sir Francis, your language is so combustible, it puts a body to the blush!

Tom. Blushes, adorable woman, are the language of infant love while still toddling in the leading strings of modesty and discretion; yet, although my love is in its cradle, if nourished by your fair hand, he'll soon become as smart a chap as was ever in the hue and cry of heart stealing.

Lucy. I suppose, sir, you learnt all these pretty compliments in foreign parts, as you were taking your *incontinental* tour among all the fashionables.

Tom. (*Aside.*) How she does clip his Majesty's tongue! No, fair Rosamond; I scorn foreign beauties, give me our natives.

Lucy. You are right; I do love the natives so purely, I could eat four or five dozen of them every day of my life, with a glass of hot punch; and let me tell you, Sir Francis, they are not to be sneezed at on a cold frosty night; and we have

had such cruel cold that Mr. Merryweather says the *barometer's* a Nero.

Tom. (*Aside.*) Oh, she must be doing me! May I presume to ask you, fair Rosamond, where you received your education?

Lucy. Why, for the matter of that, my dear sir, 'twas not neither here or there, for, to tell you the truth, my education was *intercepted* in its course. First and foremost, I was put to school at Mrs. McPhilibeg, a worthy Scotch lady, you know; but, do you see, Mrs. McPhilibeg and her whole school came down in a lump.

Tom. (*Aside.*) If master does not lump you, it's a wonder.

Lucy. Now, to make a long story short, you see, I'll tell you all about it. You must know that one of our parlour boarders, you see, was a young lady from the Indies, where the blackamoors be, and she was called Sooty Sally—and sooty enough she was, for her face was for all the world as brown as a medlar—and though I never meddles with nobody, says I to her one morning, says I, "How comes it, Sally, that your face is the colour of chocolate?" says I. So says she, "My dear, that's because I took too much coffee," says she, "when I was a baby."

Tom. "Coffee, says she!" What's that?

Lucy. "Coffee, says she." Why, coffee.

Tom. I beg your pardon, I thought it was some new discovery in the free trade.

Lucy. If you understand what I mean, what's the meaning of asking me? Well, then, saving the colour of her face, we always thought Miss Sally was as virtuous as virgin snow, until a sad *inforward* event threw us all into a terrible *inforward*.

Tom. An *inforward* event! What the devil can she mean? An *untoward* event, no doubt.

Lucy. Well, don't bother—inforward and untoward are all logic. Well, as I was saying, one morning, you know, in rushes Mrs. McPhilibeg into my room, and announces that her *macademy's* undone.

Tom. Your *macademy*! Why, does Mrs. McPhilibeg *macadamize* the young ladies?

Lucy. So says she, "What do you think?" says she. "Why," says I, "I think nothing at all. So, says she, "That horrible muleteer girl, that pie-bald sinner, has run off with a black nigger of the guards what plays the big drum, with a large muslin pudding-cap on his head, and a dog-collar round his neck."

Tom. And I suppose, as Miss Sally drank coffee to benefit her complexion, the black drummer drank Day and Martin.

Lucy. So, you see, Mrs. McPhilibeg became a bankrupt, and this black action of Miss Sally made her shut up her school to get whitewashed, and all the young ladies, you know, were sent back to their *respectable* homes. It was then that my *edification* was neglected, though nunky always talked of sending me to a *betterer* school, but he put it off from day to day, as people does taking physic, you know, and as they say, *prognostication* is the thief of time.

Tom. Well, I shall be most proud, fair Rosamond, in taking your *procrastination* in hand.

Lucy. Oh, bless me, that's the word! I have a horrible memory in forgetting your *diplomatical* expressions, which says one thing and means t'other.

Tom. Emblematical, you sweet, unsophisticated

emblem of innocence. But tell me, fair Rosamond, has not that long story of yours made you dry? You know, for I know, that I swallowed your interesting tale with such avidity that I'm half choked.

Lucy. I'm sure, sir, I'll ring for anything you like.

Tom. And I like anything you ring for. Now, sweetest of all sweets, let us be categorical.

Lucy. *Cat*y—what?

Tom. Oh, I must dot my i's! Miss Meredith Merryweather, I am a plain man.

Lucy. La, sir, I am sure you are as nice a man as a body might wish to meet with in a day's march!

Tom. As to that, I flatter myself, that, notwithstanding the cold, I could thaw a heart in winter. You know, lovely, that frequently men are not what they seem to be.

Lucy. Surely, sir; and there are situations in which women are in the like *quandary*.

Tom. But love levels all ranks, and in his eyes princes and peasants are in an omnibus, fair Rosamond. Do you love me?

Lucy. Oh, sir, you quite shock me!

Tom. Love and a cough, fair maid, are two passions that can never be concealed.

Lucy. Yes, sir; but I'm told that modest young ladies, like I, should never avow the *protuberance* of their affections.

Tom. The exuberance of mine is boundless, and let this pledge of our mutual sentiments seal our fond vows. (*Gives her a kiss.*)

Lucy. Oh, sir, I will faint!

Tom. Faint from one kiss! Then here's another to bring you too—a duplicate of my first pledge!

Enter MR. MERRYWEATHER, c. d.

Mr. M. Well done, Sir Frank!

Lucy. Oh, sir, I was just about fainting!

Mr. M. I have a thousand pardons to ask you for not having sooner attended on you.

Tom. Sir, I'm not greedy, one pardon is enough for me at any time, so I return you nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Mr. M. I am delighted to see that this long wished-for union will soon take place.

Tom. The sooner the better, sir; our love is getting on like a house on fire, and if not speedily extinguished, I must insure myself at the Phoenix office to rise from my own ashes.

Mr. M. In the meantime, suppose we had some refreshment to check the conflagration.

Tom. Well said, old gentleman, you are an agriculturist, I perceive, and know that cultivation requires irrigation.

Enter ROSAMOND and MILBANK, with a tray and sandwiches, &c.

Mr. M. Lucy, the claret to Sir Frank Milbank. Come, here's to our better acquaintance!

Tom. (*Aside.*) Not a while I hope, sir. The wine is excellent; it has a peculiar taste of—of—what wine merchants call—Try it again.

Lucy. Won't you take a *sanwidg*e?

Tom. Yes; I patronage *sandwiches*!

Lucy. And so do I; because it saves the servant the trouble of washing dishes.

Tom. Besides it is a national dish; for the *Sandwich Islands* were discovered by our Cook. What the devil are you about, Tom Tray? You are as

awkward as if you never served a gentleman before.

A bumper, sirrah! Come, fair Rosamond!

Rosa. (Aside.) The odious wretch!

Lucy. Thank you, sir, I never drink your French washy stuff; I prefer sherry. I am a true born Englishman.

Frank. (Aside.) The vulgar monster! What a contrast.

Mr. M. And how is my old friend, your father?

Tom. As jolly an old cock as ever; always ready to pass a merry glass and toy with a pretty lass. I say—I say, fair Rosamond, is that pretty girl your woman?

Rosa. (Aside.) The insolent wretch!

Mr. M. I see you are a chip of the old block. This is liberty hall, here you may eat, drink, laugh, sing, and dance, whenever you like, and ask for what you choose.

Tom. Then if it breaks no bones, Tom Tray, shove us that bottle of liquor; for French wine is anti-national to my constitution. You are a landed proprietor, Mr. Merryweather; so here goes blue ruin.

Lucy. Oh, fie for shame, sir! Do you drink raw spirits?

Tom. Fair Rosamond, as I come to rusticate, and lead a retired life in the country, I mix as little as possible in company. (Drinks off the glass.)

Lucy. Oh, dear Sir Frank, how can you take the neat, it is so ungentle, except in the morning. For my part I detest strong liquors, and as to that horrible gin, it is my most decided diversion.

Tom. Why, sometimes I do amuse myself twisting a yard of tape. And now that the musical glasses are chinking, most incomparable Rosamond, tip us something on your piano; quite amorous and besetting our tender feeling. Tom, a glass!

Frank. Why you have one.

Tom. Aye, but it's empty! Now, sweetheart, strike up!

Lucy. Upon my honour, sir, I should be most happy; but ever since Mrs. Philibeg's establishment was demolished I am quite out of practice.

Tom. Though not the less perfect.

Mr. M. But here is Lucy, who I dare say will sing for my niece.

Rosa. Indeed, sir, I'd rather not! (Aside.) How will this add to my embarrassment?

Tom. Come, Lucy, love, none of your nonsense! Your young ladies now-a-days, when asked to sing, turn about, and turn about, like a lag-dog going to sleep. Now for it, and if you sing pretty, we'll give you an encore.

(Song, Rosamond, introduced.)

Frank. (Aside.) Enchanting girl! Oh, fortune, fortune, how whimsical are thy freaks!

Mr. M. (Slapping him on the shoulder, as he is gazing on Rosamond in a deep reverie.) Well, Tom Tray, are you musical too?

Tom. Yes, Tom plays tolerably on the flageolet. But now, most beauteous Rosamond, let us take a turn in the grounds until dinner. Nothing out of the way for me, Mr. Merryweather, fish, flesh, fowl, game, with a little pastry.

Mr. M. And your desert, sir?

Tom. Why, as to that, it's not a pressing matter. Now, enchantress!

(He offers his hand to Lucy, who, before taking it, goes up to Mr. Merryweather.)

Lucy. Indeed—indeed, sir, I'll do my best to inter him from this love!

Mr. M. No doubt you will. In the meantime be alive to what you are about. [Exit Tom Tray and Lucy.] And now, Mr. Tom, a word with you. I have seen through your tricks, sir—

Frank. Well, sir, since you've discovered all, I must confess.

Mr. M. Confess nothing, sir—not a syllable, not a word. How dare you make love to Lucy? Aye, sir—a footman, a valet, presuming to court my housekeeper, whom I intend to be the comfort of my old age!

Frank. What, sir, Lucy your housekeeper?

Mr. M. Aye, and more yet, I hope!

Frank. What, sir, at your time of life?

Mr. M. To be sure! When fruit is over ripe it is most likely to fall, and I want a prop to support me when I am drooping. For pickling and preserving, I'll back my pretty Lucy against the world. Am I not right, darling, and dost thou not love me dearly?

Rosa. Indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I did not!

Mr. M. She makes the best punch and posset in England. Cakes, crumpets, and comfits, pies, patties, and puddings, and, as to her apple fritters, they would fritter away the affections of a stoic. Therefore, none of your love here, sir—your pantry affections. I'll get you ducked in a horsepond.

Frank. Sir, this extravagant language—

Mr. M. Hoity, toity, how fine we are! Aye, sir, ducked in the pond or tossed in a blanket.

Frank. I'll leave this house this instant, sir!

Mr. M. The sooner the better, sir!

Rosa. (Interceding.) Oh, my dear sir!

Mr. M. What, do you intercede for the fellow—a footman—a skip gutter?

Frank. Zounds, sir, who do you call a skip gutter?

Mr. M. Aye, a gentleman shoeblack.

Rosa. Sir, let me entreat!

Frank. Miss Lucy, I thank you for your kind interference in my behalf, but I feel happy that my present condition has enabled me to avoid a snare which would have made me the most wretched of men. Farewell, Mr. Merryweather, and let me tell you that Sir Frank Milbank will never degrade himself by uniting his destiny to your vulgar, ill-bred, and impertinent niece.

[Exit, R. H.]

Mr. M. And all this arises from your precious stratagem!

Rosa. No one regrets it more than I do.

Mr. M. And are you not ashamed to experience a partiality for such a fellow?

Rosa. Pray, sir, be not too rash. I know full well what I owe to you and to myself, but there is something about this young man—

Mr. M. An insolent puppy!

Rosa. Misfortunes have reduced him to his present condition.

Mr. M. The old story. I suppose he took some other pocket for his own, or, having lost his name, borrowed his neighbour's, and, being fond of service, donned a livery instead of a uniform.

Rosa. Indeed, sir, you wrong him.

Mr. M. That's right, take his part. He shall quit my house this instant.

Rosa. Then, sir, let me dismiss him and his odious master by avowing the truth.

Mr. M. (Aside.) That will not do yet! Well, we

shall see about it! In the meantime, Rosy, recollect your rank—your birth. I have been merry all my life by name and by nature—since Meredith Merryweather is my cognomen—so do not, dear girl, let a *Merryweather's* serenity be obscured or a merry death be sad.

Rosa. You are once more at your jokes, and all will yet be well.

[Exit, R. H.]

Mr. M. Ha, ha, ha! I think I have given them a precious lesson. Rosamond was proud, haughty, boasting of her fortune, now how altered, how humbled! That jade, Pity, has introduced her brother, Love, and whatever may be the etymology of the word, Cupid had never anything to do with cupidity.

[Exit, R. H.]

Enter FRANK and TOM TRAY, L. H.

Frank. Are you not a scoundrel?

Tom. Perhaps, sir, but that's no reason why I shouldn't make my fortune.

Frank. A deceitful, intriguing knave!

Tom. That's the very reason why I ought to be a rich man!

Frank. What, sir! Would you dare marry Miss Merryweather?

Tom. I dare anything, sir, to please the fair sex.

Frank. Know you not that my uncle is an old friend of Mr. Merryweather's?

Tom. And I have ever been the oldest friend of myself.

Frank. You must be a most abandoned varlet thus to deceive a poor silly girl!

Tom. I confess it, sir! I was abandoned before I was born—since I came into the world an orphan—and now that I repent all my errors, I shall send for a special licence to terminate my licentiousness.

Frank. We must leave this house instantly.

Tom. Oh, sir, wait 'till I am married, and then we shall have no leave to ask!

Frank. This moment I am going to avow my disguise to Lucy, and bear her off, if she will consent.

Tom. And if I avow my disguise to Miss Rosamond, her uncle will give me such a thrashing, that I shall be borne off on a bearer.

Frank. Not a word more, sir! Here comes Lucy, she shall know all. Away to Miss Rosamond!

Tom. I had found that way already, sir, and now I am on the high road to ruin. Zounds, she's all tinder, and I'll try to light up a blaze with a runaway match!

[Exit, L. H.]

Frank. Here she comes! What beauty—what modest charms! And such a girl to be a housekeeper to this old gentleman, to make pickles, preserves, and fritters! Confusion! I'll throw my fortune at her feet—give her all—rank—title—for what is there in any name, save in the one of her we love.

Enter ROSAMOND, R. H.

Rosa. I am very sorry, Mr. Thomas, for the unpleasant scene that has just occurred.

Frank. Ah, Lucy, what to me are the insults I have received, when compared to the misery of leaving you?

Rosa. You have heard my master's decision.

Frank. Then is it true—can it be true, that you,

superior to the most high-born of the land, are doomed to such a servile destiny?

Rosa. Your fate does not appear less severe.

Frank. Then, Lucy, I can dissemble no longer. It is high time that you should know the truth. I am not what I appear. Actuated by an absurd curiosity, I was anxious to discover the character of Miss Merryweather, and presented myself to her uncle as Sir Frank Milbank's servant.

Rosa. (With amazement.) What do I hear? Then you are—

Frank. Frank Milbank himself, who scorns the proffered alliance with this family, and shall feel the happiest of men in offering to you all that he possesses.

Rosa. (Aside.) My mind did not misgive me. Now will I turn the tables on him! What, sir, could you have been guilty of so base an artifice? And the pretended Sir Francis—

Frank. Is no other than my valet, Tom Tray.

Rosa. Fie, sir! Not content with endeavouring to deceive a poor simple girl like me, to injure my prospects, you venture to insult my mistress, the niece of your uncle's friend.

Frank. He shall pay dearly for his outrageous language—

Rosa. What, sir, resent the just indignation of an injured uncle—of my worthy master?

Frank. Your master? Never!

Rosa. Yet you have heard him, and, between you and I, I think it very likely when Miss Merryweather is married, that the dear old gentleman may himself change his condition in life; for you know, sir, although Mr. Merryweather is not a young man, still the world is so mischievous, that that they might make some ill-natured remarks on my remaining with him in my present capacity.

Frank. Distraction! What, would you marry him?

Rosa. He has always been so good to me—given me high wages—let me do whatever I like—keep the keys of everything—settle all the accounts—and I am sure he will remember me most kindly in his will.

Frank. Confusion! Lucy, do not madden me! His will! My name—my fortune—all are yours.

Rosa. For shame, sir! What you—Sir Frank, a baronet—marry a poor housekeeper? What would the world say?

Frank. What care I for its prejudices.

Rosa. But only think—all the neighbours! "Who would have thought it," says one, "that Sir Frank Milbank would have married a servant girl?" "A cook," says the other, "only remarkable for making good patties and fritters." "What an epicure he must have been, to be sure," says a third.

Frank. Once more, dear Lucy, a truce to trifling. My carriage is at the inn hard by; accompany me to my uncle's, and with pride I will present you as my wife.

Rosa. Elope! Oh, sir, would you have me do such a thing? It would break my poor dear master's heart. Who would make his posset?

Frank. Confound his posset!

Rosa. Who would sing him to sleep when he has got the gout?

Frank. Has he not that beautiful niece of his to comfort him, the old sinner?

Rosa. No, sir; I am thankful to you for the honour you would confer, but gratitude above all things—especially at this time of the year, when

there's not a soul in the house but me to make mince pies. You'll taste them at dinner to-day, sir, if you do us the honour to remain.

Frank. I can bear this no longer! Lucy—dearest Lucy, I never can know happiness without you!

Rosa. Nor I, sir, were I to quit so good, so kind a master. Besides, sir, how could I think of depriving my mistress of so advantageous a match?

Frank. The deuce take your mistress! Tom Tray is too good for her.

Rosa. Oh, what a thought—what a horrible suspicion! If your servant, under his feigned name, were to marry Miss Rosamond—I must run and warn my poor master!

Frank. Stay, for one moment—stay!

(Holding her.)

Rosa. Impossible, sir! Besides, it's highly improper that I should remain longer in your company. I know my distance, sir. Your conduct, moreover, allow me to tell you, would render my further presence unpardonable.

Frank. What on earth do you mean?

Rosa. First of all, sir, in an unwarrantable disguise you endeavour to deprive my good master of a faithful servant—my poor dear master!—and then, sir, you sanction a base imposture on an innocent, amiable, and unsuspecting girl; therefore, to save her from impending ruin, farewell, sir!

Frank. An innocent and amiable girl! She looks as brazen as a warming-pan.

Rosa. I couldn't stay longer, sir, to hear my young lady thus spoken of. Cultivate her acquaintance, sir, and you will find that her accomplishments are all that you or any baron in the land might wish for. But I'm called. Coming, sir—coming—coming this moment!

[Exit, R. H.]

Frank. This is too bad! Reject my hand and fortune for this old gentleman! I'll ask her of him myself, and carry her off in spite of him if he refuses.

[Exit, R. H.]

Enter LUCY, L. H.

Lucy. Well, to be sure, as nurse used to say, I must have been born with a golden spoon in my mouth! Only to think of it, that I, plain Lucy Lavender should become a lady—a *baroness*! Oh, dear, dear, what wonders love produces, and unless a body belongs to the *mute creation* we must all be *circumvented* in our turn! Let me see. What shall I do when I belong to the quality? First and foremost, I'll live in this very neighbourhood, that's what I will, if 'twas only to spite my mistress, who used to snub me; but I'll show her that I'm betterer than she, and if she flaunts in silks, I'll flaunt in satins, so I will! She may keep her woman cook, I'll have a French he cook, with an Italian *infectioner*, like Lord Aban-gavenny, and I'll give such dinners and such *blow-outs*, that I'll make Mr. Merryweather so *shameful* of his establishment that he'll not show his *mug* in the county. But here's Sir Frank.

Enter TOM TRAY, L. H.

Tom. (Aside.) Now for it! Ah, my charmer! I was seeking you as anxiously as rivers seek the sea, and shepherds seek the shade in the dog days. What says your jolly old nunkey?

Lucy. He has given his consent to our mutual facility.

Tom. Yes, it will be a mutual felicity; but I have one awful—one terrible question to ask.

Lucy. Oh, la, Sir Frank, don't frighten a body!

Tom. Say, beauteous Rosamond, do you love me for myself only?

Lucy. Not quite; for I love you for myself also.

Tom. Dear, unsophisticated creature, I mean, is your love unconnected with my fortune—my name?

Lucy. Oh, Sir Frank, the name is everything for a virtuous girl!

Frank. Then tell me, is your fortune in your own power?

Lucy. I have the key of all of it in my pocket.

Tom. (Aside.) So her diamonds are already packed up! Then, if you love me as I love you—

Lucy. "Nothing but death shall part us two," as I have on a garter that I got at Greenwich Fair.

Tom. Then, fairest of the fair, let us be off.

Lucy. I'm your man!

Tom. Run for your bonnet and your jewels, your shawl and your diamonds, all your traps and trinkets, and then hurrah for Parson Tackall!

Mr. Merryweather. (Without.) Sir, this conduct is unpardonable! I insist upon immediate satisfaction!

Frank. (Without.) You shall have it, sir, as soon as you think proper.

Lucy. (Aside.) A rumpus! Oh, I'm all in a frustration!

Tom. (Aside.) A shindy! Hope's flattering tale is docked!

Enter MR. MERRYWEATHER, SIR FRANK, and ROSAMOND, R. H.

Mr. M. Yes, Sir Frank Milbank, your conduct has been disgraceful!

Lucy. (Shrieking.) Ah, what do I hear? Sir Frank—how—what— Oh, murder, then that gentleman—

Mr. M. Is Sir Frank Milbank's footman.

Lucy. Help! Assassination! Murder and arson! A footman!

Mr. M. Don't despair, my dear, you shall be Lady Milbank, so you shall, or I'll know why.

Lucy. Shall I? Then I don't care how.

Mr. M. You have heard my decision, sir. Marry that lady or dread the consequences.

Frank. It is because I dread the consequences that I would rather fight the Horse Guards, the Foot Guards, and the Beef-eaters to boot, than unite my destinies to such a vulgar creature!

Lucy. A vulgar creature! You call yourself a baronite, and insult a poor helpless girl?

Mr. M. Once for all, Sir Frank, will you or will you not marry my niece?

Rosa. (Bantering.) Oh, my dear sir, do not be so cruel, or you'll break my poor young mistress's heart.

Lucy. Oh, that they will between them! Oh—

Frank. Once for all, sir, I will not marry her!

Mr. M. Young man, I am too old to fight, but I lay you a bet of five hundred guineas that you do marry her.

Frank. Five thousand if you choose.

Mr. M. Done!

Frank. A bet!

Mr. M. Your hand! (Frank gives it.) And now,

Miss Lucy, yours! (*Rosamond gives hers.*) Here, sir, take that hand in return, and the five thousand I've won, in addition to her fortune.

Frank. What do I hear? Lucy is Miss Rosamond, your niece?

Rosa. You have endeavoured to deceive me, sir. I have acted more fairly, for in me you did actually see my good uncle's housekeeper.

Lucy. Then I'm a bankrupt of my baronite. I'll slap an action for *reformation*.

Tom. And I'm done out of an heiress. I'll prosecute for breach and assault!

Lucy. All this time listening to a valet.

Tom. And all this time wasting my eloquence on a mop-twirler.

Mr. M. Come, come, let all be happy, and if you, Lucy, have no objection to Tom Tray——

Lucy. I'd rather have a baronite.

Mr. M. And if you, Tom Tray, have no objection to Lucy Lavender——

Tom. I should rather have been in clover with a fortune.

Mr. M. Then I shall make amends for both your disappointments. Lucy, the farm of Summer Hill is yours——

Tom. Then, my adorable agriculturist, I shall be most happy to add to the live stock.

Rosa. And I'll show Lucy how to make fritters for my wedding dinner! And now, if my house-keeping has proved successful, may I hope that numerous visitors will keep me in constant practice. I can only promise them that I shall select the best produce in the market in catering for them, and constantly try my hand in *preserving* their favour.

CURTAIN.!

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

FRANK.
E.

ROSAMOND.

MERRYWEATHER.

LUCY.

TOM.
L.

THE YELLOW KIDS.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY MORRIS BARNETT.

First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, October 19th, 1835.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 15.]

CAPTAIN ROCKET ...	(Late of the Lumber Troop, in Search of a Wife)	Mr. O. Smith.
MR. EDMOND DAVENANT ...	(Agent T. R. Birmingham)	Mr. Hemming.
MR. ANATOLE PERROT TIMS ...	(A Dancing Master)	Mr. Webster.
MRS. CAPTAIN ROCKET	{ (A Lady on the Qui Vive, Anxious for a Separate Maintenance)	}	Miss Daly.
MRS. SNIGGS ...	(A Lodging Letter)	Mrs. Daly.
ELLEN... ..	(Her Niece, with a Taste for the Saltatory)	Miss Ayres.

SCENE.—London.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

COSTUME.

CAPTAIN ROCKET.—Blue coat; white waistcoat; black breeches; short nankeen gaiters; black wig, with tail; thick walking stick.

EDMOND.—Brown frock coat; nankeen trousers.

ANATOLE.—Green dress coat; rose-coloured velvet vest; buff trousers; striped silk stockings pumps; light curled wig.

MRS. ROCKET.—Pink gros de Naples pelisse; white satin bonnet.

ELLEN.—Fashionable muslin dress; blue silk apron.

MRS. SNIGGS.—Coloured dress; cap.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE YELLOW KIDS.

SCENE.—A Chamber. On the walls full length pictures of Taglioni and other dancers. Various pairs of pumps suspended. A wreath of flowers. Violins and tambourine. A music-stand with music, R. H. Fireplace, U. E. L. H., with fender, fire-irons, hearth-rug, and a square of drugget. A table, L. H., partly covered with music-paper, a kit, and breakfast prepared. Small real looking-glass over the mantel-shelf. Boots before the fire. Door leading to bedroom, L. H. Chairs.

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, cautiously, from door in flat, with milk-pot, rolls, &c.

Mrs. S. I must be cautious not to disturb Mr. Anatole, perhaps he's not yet awake. I am sure the man ought to sleep sound, dancing all day; I wonder he doesn't do himself a mischief. His legs must be made of india rubber.

Anatole. (In his room.) Is that you, Mrs. Sniggs?

Mrs. S. Yes, Mr. Anatole; but you needn't get up if don't like. I can clear up your room when you go out.

Anatole. Why, I have been up these ten minutes; I'm just through half a shave! How is dear Ellen this morning? Has she called yet?

Mrs. S. No, she doesn't like to come. She says you are such a man, that you are as light—aye, as light—

Enter ANATOLE, dancing.

Ana. As a zephyr.

(Makes a pirouette, and finishes by clasping Mrs. Sniggs in his arms, his leg in the air.)

Mrs. S. Now don't be a fool, Mr. Anatole. If anybody should happen to come in, what, in the name of everything that's shocking, would they say?

Ana. Say? Why they'd say that I had a splendid leg, a love of an ankle, and a duck of a foot! (Makes a pas.) There's poetry—real poetry! (Mrs. Sniggs goes up.) What are you doing there?

Mrs. S. (At table.) Preparing your breakfast, for it's Sarah's day out.

Ana. You may spare yourself the trouble. It's my Paradise Creseent day—Miss Clementina's finishing school. I always breakfast there with the young creatures; my manners are so soft and so timid, that they look upon me as one of themselves.

Mrs. S. Soft and timid, indeed! My niece, Ellen, tells me a very different tale. She vows that there's no keeping you at a distance, you are such a man!

Ana. What me! I! Why, I can't look a woman in the face without blushing and my limbs trembling! My bashfulness, Mrs. Sniggs, has been my ruination, but for that I should have kept my carriage and two black footmen, and, instead of tramping on foot in all weathers for a guinea a quarter, I should have been the principal dancer at the Opera.

Mrs. S. Dear me! And pray what prevented you?

Ana. You must know, Mrs. Sniggs, that I was a pupil of the celebrated Vestris, and I may say, without vanity, that even his sublime genius never formed anything superior in finish than Mr. Anatole Perrot Tims. I must do myself the common justice to say that he never before met with a being to whom nature seemed to have said, with so much propriety, "Behold a dancer!" He called me his Eolus.

Mrs. S. His Eolus! What's that, pray?

Ana. The God of the the Winds! At that period of my terpsiehorcan career the mere sight of a female had the power of weakening my limbs, which you may imagine must be exceedingly awkward to a dancer. My début was definitively settled to take place at the opera. I was to appear in a pas de trois with Madame Noblet and Montessu. I looked beautiful—flesh-coloured silk pantaloons, an ethereal blue small jacket, a lace collar, and a wreath of flowers adorned my otto of roses scented and curled hair. I looked a perfect Cupid! A thousand glasses of every size and description, strength and focus, devoured me—and I danced! Never before was such dancing seen—I literally swam in the air, and, when at last I did condescend to touch terra firma, my eyes encountered the bewildering proportions of the afore-said two nymphs, one as Venus, the other as Juno, full dressed in an undress. My brain whirled, my limbs tottered, and a cold perspiration submerged all my physical advantages! I continued to dance, certainly, but good-bye, all was over, the glowing forms of Venus and Juno paralyzed my saltatory powers! The whispers of the figurantes thundered in my auriculars, "No nerve, no nerve!" The scene-shifters joined in the horrible whisper, "No nerve, no nerve!" The leader of the band, and the gentleman who officiated at the long drum, whispered, "No nerve, no nerve!" They lied, I was all one large, giantie, colossal nerve! I sank, and was borne off fainting, amid the sanguinary hisses of a granite hearted and unsympathizing audience.

Ellen. (Without.) Aunt Sniggs—aunt Sniggs!

Enter ELLEN.

Ana. Don't be alarmed, my own pastourelle! Here you are at home; the tenderest passion has hallowed this humble chamber.

Ellen. (R. H.) Oh, I know, Mr. Anatole, that you are in love with me, at least, you have told me so and swore to it!

Ana. (L. H.) And sacred is the word of your faithful Anatole!

Mrs. S. Well, if you really do love each other, there's no more to say. You can both work—you with your legs and Emily with her fingers.

Ana. Mrs. Sniggs, do get my green coat and my new white gossamer hat.

Mrs. S. You'd make an uncommon genteel pair. [Exit, L. H. D.]

Ana. Ellen, my angel, you didn't keep your word. The little door on the back stairs which leads to your room—Now, don't blush, you know you promised to give me the key.

Ellen. I never mean to give that key but to my husband.

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, L. H., with coat and hat.

Mrs. S. Here's your hat and coat, Mr. Anatole; your yellow kids are on the drawers.

Ana. No, thank you; eost eighteenpence. I only wear my yellow kids when I've an order for the opera. Ellen, did you mend the pair I sent you?

Ellen. Oh, certainly; I'll send them to you directly!

Ana. (Aside.) No; bring them, for I have something of the greatest consequence to tell you, relative to—

Ellen. Our marriage?

Ana. Yes, my precious!

Mrs. S. Well, what had you to tell me in such a hurry?

Ellen. Oh, dear, I quite forgot! The man who keeps the shop next door—

Mrs. S. Why, how stupid of you! Well, Mr. Anatole, as you don't breakfast at home, I'll keep the milk and roll for my own use.

Ana. (To Ellen.) Don't you go, my life!

Ellen. Oh, I daren't stay for the world, without my aunt, with anybody except he was my husband! But I'll bring your gloves, dear Mr. Anatole.

[Exit Mrs. Sniggs and Ellen, C. D.]

Ana. (Sings, putting on his coat at glass.) "I love her—oh, how I love her!" Well, she is uncommon good-looking. I wish I could make up my mind. It isn't exactly difference of rank, the alliance isn't precisely degrading, for, after all, dad was only a—hem! (Looks at watch.) Nine o'clock, and they'll be waiting breakfast at Paradise Creseent! Those little girls are always so delighted to see me. What a lovely day I shall pass! (Knocking at C. D.) Who's there? Ellen come back already! I knew she couldn't resist.

Enter MRS. ROCKET, in extreme agitation.

Mrs. R. (R. H.) For mercy's sake, conceal me—conceal me!

Ana. (L. H.) Dear me, what's the matter?

Mrs. R. Save me, or I am a lost woman!

Ana. Really, madam—

Mrs. R. I shall owe you my honour—my life! (Terrified, listening at C. D.) Ah!

Ana. Eh?

Mrs. R. 'Tis he?

Ana. Who?

Mrs. R. Not a word, for your life; he would murder us both!

Ana. Lord! [Mrs. Rocket rushes into room, L. H., and closes the door.] That's my bedroom, ma'am! Not very partieuclar, and I am not to say a word! Well, I do think that—

CAPTAIN ROCKET appears suddenly at the door.

Capt. R. I'm positive it was here!

Ana. Ah, this is the pursuer! (Pretends not to see him. Praetises battemens at the wing, looking furtively at him.) What a solemn air—looks like the Dead Mareh in Saul!

Capt. R. Sir!

Ana. Beg pardon, sir!

Capt. R. Ah, you appear confused!

Ana. Oh, not at all, sir; why should I be? A trifle overheated, praetising.

Capt. R. You have not, then, seen a female, eh?

Ana. Sir—r—r!

Capt. R. I ask if you have not just seen a female?

Ana. Really, I don't exactly comprehend.

Capt. R. Mortars and saltpetre! (Aside.) But I will be calm. I beg pardon. (Looking round and taking a pair of yellow kid gloves from his pocket.) May I request a special act of service?

Ana. Certainly, sir.

Capt. R. Will you have the kindness to try on this pair of yellow kids?

Ana. A Glover, I presume?

Capt. R. Sir, I did not come here to jest. Will you see if they fit—yes or no?

Ana. Yes, sir, certainly! (Taking them.) What the deuce does he mean?

Capt. R. Sir!

Ana. (Trying them.) They are a mile too large.

Capt. R. Too large?

Ana. I could put both hands in them.

Capt. R. Are you sure?

Ana. Quite sure.

Capt. R. (Taking them back.) Sir, I am annoyed beyond expression at having thus occupied your invaluable time.

Ana. Don't mention it! Is there any other little act of politeness I can offer?

Capt. R. (Going up.) Thank you, no, sir.

Ana. (L. H., aside.) I never was so alarmed in my life! I can hardly keep my legs!

Capt. R. (Returns down, R. H., and slaps him on the shoulder.) Upon consideration—

Ana. (Terrified.) Eh, what's that?

Capt. R. (Putting gloves in his hat.) Since you have volunteered your services, I confess there is one for which possibly I may call on you this very day, in return, however, I owe you my confidence. I feel that this unceremonious visit, my apparent rudeness, and the yellow kids combined, must rather astonish you.

Ana. (R. H.) Yes, a little—that is, I mean a great deal!

Capt. R. Know then, sir, I lodge in this house on the first floor.

Ana. A captain! (Setting chairs.) Do take a chair, captain!

Capt. R. Much obliged! (Sits.) I quitted the toil of service, and married a young and beautiful

woman. Must I confess I do not find myself exactly the happiest of mortals?

Ana. Oh, I understand! You fancy that you've been made a—— Eh?

Capt. R. (*Severely.*) Sir!

Ana. Pray, Captain, continue!

Capt. R. For the last few days I have had divers vague suspicions. Last night I returned home unexpectedly, I beheld my wife, Mrs. ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop, pale and agitated. I searched every corner, and discovered nothing. I went to bed.

Ana. Well, as yet, there's nothing worth killing a flea about!

Capt. R. Ah, but this morning as I was taking my broma, what should strike my view but a pair of yellow kids lying on the sofa.

Ana. On the sofa?

Capt. R. Yes, sir, those identical yellow kids that you had the signal politeness to endeavour just now to pull on.

Ana. They didn't walk there of themselves!

(*Mysteriously.*)

Capt. R. Decidedly not. My wife at that instant entered the room, I fixed my eyes upon her, she changed colour and sank into the arm-chair. I seized on the yellow kids, she rushed out of the room.

Ana. Capital—beautiful!

Capt. R. She is now concealed somewhere in this house.

Ana. (*Forgetting.*) Well, I shouldn't wonder if that is not the very lady that just now——

Capt. R. Sir!

Ana. (*Remembering.*) Run away.

Capt. R. But she cannot be far distant, for the apple woman at the corner did not see anyone pass, and Mrs. Sniggs swears not a soul has left the house. She is concealed, no doubt, with her paramour, but if they are at the devil I will discover them—they shall perish by my hand. I will have the most deadly vengeance. (*Seeing Anatole's agitation.*) Dear me, what's the matter, you appear ill?

Ana. Yes, I am dreadfully poorly. Affairs of this nature, murder particularly, affect my nerves. I am sure I shall faint—I must faint, nothing can hinder me.

Capt. R. I am really very sorry! Have you a smelling bottle—some eau de cologne?

[*Sees room, L. H., and goes into it, his hat in his hand.*]

Ana. Where has he gone to now?

CAPTAIN ROCKET appears with a cologne bottle. I am a dead man!

Capt. R. (*Sprinkling his face.*) What a boiled chicken it is!

(*Aside.*)

Ana. You have then discovered?

Capt. R. This bottle of eau de cologne. It's the warmth of the weather—it's a mere nothing. I am really sorry for all this trouble. The most important consideration at present is to prevent my wife's passing the threshold of this house. She might, perhaps, take refuge at her father's.

Ana. There would be no great harm in that?

Capt. R. I wouldn't have that occur for the world! I wish this affair to remain between me and she. I have the most special reasons for it. Good morning, sir! Oh, my hat!

[*Goes into room.*]

Ana. If he should see her!

Mrs. Sniggs. (*Without.*) Captain Rocket—Captain Rocket!

CAPTAIN ROCKET returns.

Capt. R. Oh, the landlady!

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, c. D.

What news, Mrs. Sniggs? I hope not a soul has left the house?

Mrs. S. Oh, I have taken care of that. I have locked and chained the street door, and here's the key.

Ana. (*R. H.*) Infamous old woman!

Capt. R. And the young man whom you say elandestinely left the house last night?

Mrs. S. Oh, I didn't see him, Captain, but Mrs. Tans, who lives opposite, is now in the parlour, and will relate to you all that she saw, and what she suspects.

Ana. (*Aside.*) Execrable matron!

Capt. R. Mrs. Sniggs, you shall not be a loser by your attention.

Mrs. S. Thank you, sir! Would you believe it, Mr. Anatole, this gentleman's wife, who has our first floor—— (*Anatole makes signs to her.*) What are you making such horrid faces about?

Capt. R. (*L. H.*) Eh!

Ana. Me making faces? What do you mean? It was a twinge of the toothache!

Mrs. S. Well, only imagine, she was actually concealed herself—— (*Anatole makes grimaces to stop her.*) What horrible contortions you are making. You look as if you were going into convulsions!

Capt. R. (*Looking intently at him.*) Eh?

Ana. What the devil do you mean? Are you mad?

Capt. R. (*Aside.*) It's very singular. (*Taking Mrs. Sniggs aside.*) Has this gentleman any other apartments but these two, eh?

Mrs. S. No, sir; and, bless you, he's the very last person who would be capable of—— (*Anatole pinches her.*) I declare the wretch is pinching me! It's really very strange, Mr. Anatole's conduct.

Capt. R. Good morning, sir. I hope we shall soon meet again.

[*Exeunt Captain Rocket and Mrs. Sniggs, c. D.*]

Ana. (*Closes c. D., and draws bolt.*) An ex-captain of the Lumber Troop! If he had discovered his wife in my sanctum sanctorum, I should have evaporated!

MRS. ROCKET enters cautiously from L. H. D.

Mrs. R. Sir!

Ana. (*Alarmed.*) Eh? I thought it was the ex-captain.

Mrs. R. My alarm has been dreadful!

Ana. Why, I must say that the gentleman's style is the smallest taste in life, brutal and suspicious.

Mrs. R. It is that, my dear sir, that has caused all my distress.

Ana. (*Aside.*) She's a fine woman!

Mrs. R. Indeed, sir, I am not guilty! My cousin Edmond, for no reason in the world, has inspired him with the most shocking suspicions.

Ana. Oh, oh, a cousin!

Mrs. R. German.

Ana. Oh, a foreigner!

Mrs. R. The Captain has never seen him, but

he is aware we were partial to each other from children, and, with the Captain's ridiculous notions of propriety, added to his violent temper, had he discovered him in my room—

Ana. But how was it that the Captain's suspicions did not at once fix upon him?

Mrs. R. Oh, he supposes cousin Edmond still at Birmingham, where he has resided these two years. He arrived in town yesterday; he came for the purpose of engaging a principal dancer for the theatre.

Ana. (R. H.) A principal dancer!

Mrs. R. (Opening door of room, L. H.) He lodges at the hotel opposite. He paid me a visit last night during the Captain's absence, and remained but for a quarter of an hour, and I protest, sir—

Ana. I believe you. (Aside.) She is a very fine woman!

Mrs. R. My present object is to get to my father's; there I can see my husband, and make him hear reason, for 'pa has great power over him, as my portion has not yet been paid.

Ana. But should he discover you here, I should be out into very small bits.

Mrs. R. All my hope is now centred in you. Do not—do not abandon me!

Ana. Certainly not. But the fact is, I am obliged to be at Paradise Crescent—

Mrs. R. How fortunate! You can do me a never-to-be-forgotten favour. Call at my 'pa's—Mr. Blake, Number Forty, Union Street, Borough—and inform him of my melancholy dilemma.

Ana. My dear ma'am, why not go yourself?

Mrs. R. You forget that Mrs. Sniggs has the key of the street door. You heard what the horrid creature said just now—she would ruin me!

Ana. True—perfectly true!

Mrs. R. Ah, you are too kind—too gallant to refuse! Nay, I implore—

Ana. She is a superb woman! You said Number Forty, Union Street, Borough—Mr. Blake? I will narrate to him the history of the yellow kids. Ugh! If they had happened to have fitted me! Luckily, I have a beautiful hand.

Mrs. R. There is no fear—I have arranged all that. (Knocking at door.)

Ana. (Alarmed.) Someone knocks. If it should be the Captain—

Mrs. R. I will again conceal myself.

[Goes into room, L. H.]

Ana. She is a magnificent woman!

Ellen. (Without.) Mr. Anatole—Mr. Anatole!

Ana. Ellen, and at such a moment!

(Opens c. door.)

Enter ELLEN, c. d., with a small basket.

Ellen. (Holding down her head.) It's me, Mr. Anatole.

Ana. Thanks, my darling—thanks! (Closes L. H. D., locks it, and takes out the key.) You are so kind—so good! You are a darling, and if I had time—Good-bye! (Aside.) Union Street, Borough—Number Forty—Mr. Blake—

(Going.)

Ellen. Mr. Anatole, sir, is this the way you receive me? There, sir—there are your yellow kids.

Ana. (Terrified.) My yellow kids!

Ellen. I mended them myself.

Ana. Yellow kids! Take them from my sight! In future I'll wear green, black, scarlet, but

yellow—never—never! I detest them—execrate them! Go along with your yellow kids—they make me ill—very ill!

Ellen. There is something you wish to conceal. Your looks betray you, and I am determined to discover—

Ana. I assure you you are mistaken; and to prove the truth of what I assert, you may remain here till I return. (Aside.) I've the key in my pocket!

Ellen. No; I won't stay here another moment! I'll go and tell Aunt Sniggs—

Ana. Now, my dear Ellen, will you remain? I won't be long; and when I return we'll talk about our marriage. There now, will that convince you? I, that was anticipating such a lovely day at Miss Clementina Candy's, at Paradise Crescent! What a reverse! Mr. Blake, Number Forty, Union Street, Borough! If I go on this way, I sha'n't have breakfast till after dinner. I won't be long; but, for my sake, don't breathe a word that may raise a suspicion. What am I talking about? Why there's nothing to suspect! Farewell! What an awful complication! Number Forty, Union Street, Borough!

[Exit, D. F.]

Ellen. This is really very cruel treatment; above all, to me, that doats on his very footmarks! And to go out, it's barbarous, that is!

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, c. d.

Mrs. S. Oh, Ellen, such a dreadful affair!

Ellen. What, aunt?

Mrs. S. Only imagine that—that Captain Rocket suspects our Mr. Anatole!

Ellen. Oh, heaven!

Mrs. S. That is, he suspects Mr. Jones, our second floor, because he happened to go to his office this morning and took his key with him.

Ellen. Then she must be concealed on the second floor!

Enter EDMOND, suddenly, c. d.

Edm. 'Tis here—yes, I'm certain!

Mrs. S. What do you please to want, sir?

Edm. Is this your apartment, my good lady? (Aside.) I don't see the window.

Mrs. S. No, sir; it belongs to Mr. Anatole Perrot Tims.

Edm. And pray, who is Mr. Anatole Perrot Tims?

Ellen. A young gentleman—a professor of—

Edm. A young gentleman—a professor! This is the third floor, and the window that faces the "Eagle Hotel" is—

Ellen. Mr. Anatole's bedroom.

Edm. (Aside.) His bedroom!

Mrs. S. Perhaps, sir, you wish to see the apartments that are to let?

Edm. (Aside.) I am certain that was the room in which I saw Caroline! Could I be permitted to see that room?

Mrs. S. I told you, sir, it wasn't to let.

Ellen. Besides, he has taken the key.

Mrs. S. Took the key, Ellen! Well, I never knew him to do that before!

Ellen. Nor I, aunt!

Edm. (Aside.) So, so; locked in—secured! (Going to L. H. D., raising his voice.) But Mr. Anatole Perrot Tims will return. I am in no hurry; I will wait for him.

Ellen. What does he mean by speaking to that door?

Mrs. S. (*Bringing a chair.*) Will you take a seat, sir?

Edm. Thank you. (*Sits.*) You are, doubtless, acquainted with the lady who occupies the first floor?

Mrs. S. Oh, yes, sir; and a pretty rumpus she has caused! She ran away from her husband this morning.

Edm. Damnation! (*Gets to R. H.*) This, then, was the reason she refused to see me, pretending her husband was a jealous tyrant! Were there any circumstances that—

Mrs. S. Yes, sir; dreadful circumstances!

Ellen. But, aunt, it may not perhaps be true?

Edm. Her husband I might pardon; but a young gentleman and a professor—never!

Ellen. Oh, sir, do you really think Mr. Anatole—

Edm. Is a villain!

Enter ANATOLE, C. D., pale and haggard.

Ana. A chair—a chair!

Edm. 'Tis he!

Ellen. Mr. Anatole!

Ana. (*Sinks into chair.*) Quick, a glass of water, for mercy's sake! I'm dying! Close the door!

Mrs. S. What has happened?

Ana. Oh, Mrs. Sniggs, run down—don't lose a moment, I implore you, my dear Mrs. Sniggs—and if that awful ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop, should inquire for me, swear that I'm not at home.

Mrs. S. So, then, after all—

Ana. Ask no questions, but run down to the door directly!

Mrs. S. Something awful, I'm certain, has taken place!

[*Exit, C. D.*]

Ellen. So, then, sir, it was you then—

Ana. Do let me alone, my dear! (*Aside, looking at L. H. D.*) How to inform my secret incognita! She must know somehow; there is no time to lose!

Edm. (*Crosses to him.*) So, sir, you are the person—

Ana. (*To Ellen.*) Who is that?

Edm. Sir, I have come—

Ana. For a lesson, perhaps. My terms are—

Edm. I have no time to waste, therefore, instantly instruct me wherefore—

Ana. Certainly, certainly, but allow me first to state to this young lady—(*showing Ellen but speaking with his face to the door*)—the reason of my sudden return, and in rather a high tone—a high tone, madam—(*aside*)—or Mrs. Captain Rocket won't hear.

Edm. But, sir—

Ana. (*Approaching the door, and elevating his voice.*) Hem! Madam—madam, I have suffered a martyrdom since I left this house.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) Now he's talking to the door!

Edm. I see through the ruse, but patience—

Ana. Just as I had reached Holborn Bars, who should I perceive close upon me but Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop.

Edm. Hem! The husband! (*Aside.*)

Ana. Imagine, madam, my horror at the sight. I felt wings grow out of my back, and I flew like a sparrow across Blackfriars Bridge, all the dogs in the city snapping at my heels. I turned to

kick one of them, and beheld ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop. I at last reached the Borough, and had got one toe on the step of Mr. Blake's, Number Forty, Union Street, Borough, when I again beheld the appalling form of ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop, within a yard of me.

Edm. My uncle!

Ana. What, the ex-Captain?

Edm. No; Mr. Blake, Number Forty, Union Street, Borough.

Ana. What, then, you are his nephew, Mr. Edmond Davenant, of Birmingham?

Edm. The same, sir.

Ana. (*Aside, pointing to L. H. D.*) Hush! She's there!

Edm. I know it, and that brought me here.

Ana. You've done wrong, sir. It isn't now exactly convenient. (*Aside.*)

Edm. You think so, sir, no doubt. Do you imagine that I will tamely submit—

Ana. I tell you, for the present, she couldn't be in a snigger place. Now take my advice and go away directly.

Edm. No, sir, I will not leave this spot!

Ana. Do you wish him to murder us both?

CAPTAIN ROCKET appears at C. D., out of breath.
He stops and observes.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) Captain Rocket!

Edm. (*Aside.*) The husband!

Ana. I'm in a lovely situation if he should take it into his horrible head to fancy that I have brought them together! (*Aside.*) Leave it to me—I'll get you off.

Capt. R. (*Advancing, C.*) It's one or the other!

Ana. (*Carelessly.*) Now this is our first lesson—hem—our first dancing lesson!

Edm. (*Aside.*) What the deuce does he mean?

(*The Captain signs Ellen to be silent.*)

Ana. Keep your head erect, the right leg in the front, the body more *dégagée*. (*Aside.*) Now do submit, it will mistify him! Your shoulders a little more back.

Ellen. (*Aside.*) I declare, he's giving him a lesson! How very odd!

Edm. (*Aside.*) I must be silent in pity to her!

Ana. (*Aside.*) The tiger approaches! But if you want to become an opera dancer, that's another pair of pumps! I, that understand the philosophy of the art, and who am fully capable of taking an engagement at any theatre in Europe. I slipped that in, he may, perhaps, engage me! For example! (*He makes a pas. The Captain catches him by the leg, and he remains in equilibrio.*) Ah!

Capt. R. (*Pretending calmness.*) I hope I have not deranged your—

Ana. (*Aside.*) He grins like a hyena! Not at all—not at all! (*Aside.*) He looks pistols, and talks daggers! I was merely giving a specimen of the art. (*Prepares himself to dance.*)

Ellen. (*Aside.*) He's going to dance! I do think he's gone mad.

Ana. (*Executes some posés.*) I am perfectly acquainted with all the various styles, from the exquisite finish of Elsler to the swan-like delicacy of Taglioni. In short, beauty—

Capt. R. You are an admirer of beauty, I know.

Ana. (*Confused.*) Yes, sir! Certainly beauty is—(*Aside.*) Horrid wretch!

Capt. R. Had you not better continue the gentleman's lesson?

Edm. 'Tis not necessary.

Ana. (*Aside.*) Keep it up or we are dead men! At the commencement the first thing necessary is to—

Capt. R. Put on your gloves!

Ana. Gloves!

Capt. R. Undoubtedly.

Edm. I have forgotten them.

Capt. R. (*Presenting a pair to Anatole, who gives them to Edmond.*) I can supply you. Will you do me the favour to see if this pair fits?

Ana. (*Aside.*) Those cursed yellow kids!

Edm. I am exceedingly obliged.

(*Anatole signs him not to try them.*)

Capt. R. If the gentleman had objected, I must conclude that—

Edm. An exceedingly civil gentleman!

Ana. He little suspects.

(*Captain looks at him threateningly. He takes one of the gloves, and gives one to Edmond.*)

Edm. (*Trying it.*) It is much too small for me.

Ana. (*Puts on the glove mechanically.*) Dear me, it fits me to a nail! (*Conceals his hand.*)

Capt. R. (*To Anatole.*) I trust your walk—or, rather, your gallop—has not fatigued you?

Ana. (*Tries to pull off the glove behind his back.*) I assure you, that—

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, c. d.

Mrs. S. Captain Rocket, the lawyer's below.

Capt. R. And the street door—

Mrs. S. Is quite safe.

Capt. S. (*To Anatole.*) You must explain to me, sir, the object of your visit to Number Forty, Union Street, Borough.

Ana. (*Returning the glove.*) I have a number of pupils in that neighbourhood.

Capt. R. Of the same description as that gentleman? (*Takes Mrs. Sniggs aside.*) Is that Mr. Jones?

Mrs. S. Mr. Jones! Oh, dear, no!

Capt. R. I am not half satisfied! There is a mystery! As it is your business to give lessons, perhaps you will have no objection to receiving one. The choice of weapons is with you.

Ana. I! Me! (*Aside to Edmond.*) Come, I say, you that—

Edm. (*Seizing him by the arm.*) Silence! I have already done even more than I am justified in doing for that misled woman; but you shall find that nothing less than the most deadly vengeance will satisfy me! I shall prepare my double-barrelled pistols!

Ana. Damned nonsense!

Capt. R. (*To Edmond.*) Do you lodge in this house, sir?

Edm. No, sir; in the hotel opposite.

Capt. R. (*Aside.*) 'Tis as well to know. (*To Anatole.*) Good day, sir, for the present.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

Ana. That man's my nightmare!

Edm. Good day, sir, for the present.

[*Exit, c. d.*]

Ana. It's a plot to murder me! They are mad, and I am mad!

Ellen. I am frightened to death, aunt!

Mrs. S. Poor fellow! I'll comfort him.

Ana. Fight, indeed! And for what, I should like to know? A pack of people, that I never

drank so much as a cup of tea at either of their houses! I'll go at once to Bow Street!

(*Going up.*)

Mrs. S. (*Soothingly.*) Mr. Anatole!

Ana. So, I am not to be permitted to be one moment alone in my own proper private apartment—my proper private apartment—anybody's—everybody's proper private apartment!

Mrs. S. As to your hints about your apartment—

Ana. I think I pay dear enough for it—twelve shillings a-week, and dine out!

Mrs. S. Since you come to that, there's five weeks' owing, besides two-and-eightpence to the washerwoman.

Ana. (*With dignity.*) Bring you bill; and go to your kitchen!

Ellen. There, aunt, he's turning us out of his room.

Ana. I don't mean you, my love.

Mrs. S. Then it's me, I presume, you mean?

Ana. Yes, you—you! You are always watching and spying, keyholing and scandalizing everybody! You—old—old—I don't know what!

Mrs. S. Me a don't-know-what! You insignificant hopper, remember when you were hissed at the opera!

Ana. What do you say?

Mrs. S. Come, Ellen, don't stay near the wretch—a poor third floor disappointed jumper! If ever I know you to listen to that ill-made fellow again, I'll send you a thousand miles off into the country.

Ellen. But, aunt— Oh, Mr. Anatole!

[*Exit Mrs. Sniggs and Ellen, c. d.*]

Ana. Ill-made! That's pure spite. I've got rid of them, at any rate; just what I wished. (*Opens L. H. d.*) Come, madam; at last we are alone!

Enter MRS. ROCKET.

Mrs. R. Ah, sir, I have heard all; my gratitude—

Ana. Never mind that now, ma'am. Matters are getting complicated. Your cousin is decidedly mad, and your husband raging. And how those infernal yellow kids happened to fit, for the life of me I can't imagine; this morning they were a mile too large.

Mrs. R. That circumstance is easily explained. When the Captain left his hat in the room, I took from it the pair he brought with him, and substituted yours.

Ana. Mine, mine!

Enter ELLEN, c. d.

Ellen. Mr. Anatole, I'll thank you to return my basket—

Mrs. R. Ah! (*Runs into room, L. H.*)

Ellen. A woman! (*Calling.*) Aunt, aunt!

Ana. (*Following her to door.*) Will you be silent!

Ellen. No I will not! Aunt!

Enter MRS. SNIGGS, c. d.

Mrs. S. What's the matter?

Ellen. A woman!

Ana. Ellen—my dear Ellen!

Mrs. S. A woman!

Ellen. Yes, aunt, in his room, there; I saw her with these eyes.

Ana. Will you both listen?

Mrs. S. A woman! So, so! 'Twas for that he

called me an old he-didn't-know-what! But we'll soon see. (*Calls.*) Captain Rocket—Captain Rocket!

Ana. No, don't!

Ellen. She shall! (*Calls.*) Captain Rocket!

[*Exit Mrs. Sniggs, calling, "Captain Rocket!"*]

Ana. Will you listen? She's gone! I'm petrified!

Ellen. Serves you right—it will teach you how to trifle with a young girl's affection.

Ana. Ellen, you have thrust a bodkin into my very vitals!

Ellen. For shame—for shame, and a married woman!

Ana. Well, I confess I have afforded Mrs. ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop, an asylum; but all in truth—all in honour.

Ellen. Very likely, I dare say; I don't believe a word of it.

Ana. Can I give you a stronger proof than marrying you by-and-by?

Ellen. Will you, Mr. Anatole?

Ana. No, I won't; your conduct don't deserve such a prize. You have exposed me to the fury of a savage—a porcupine in a passion! You have destroyed an innocent and confiding woman of your own sex!

Ellen. Pardon me, dear, injured Mr. Anatole, and I will endeavour to repair my fault.

(*Knocking.*)

Ana. 'Tis now too late! Listen to the revolution which is taking place in the house! What to do—how to act—what to say?

Ellen. Mr. Anatole!

Ana. Leave me—leave me for ever!

Enter EDMOND, with a case of pistols.

Ellen. (*Aside, as though struck by a sudden thought.*) I will free him from all danger. I have it!

[*Exit hastily, c. d.*]

Edm. Now, sir, I am at your disposal.

Ana. Go to the devil! What do you want? What have I done?

Edm. What have you done? A truce with jesting, sir. It may avail with Captain Rocket—he's married; that's his affair—but it won't do with me.

Ana. How do you mean—"it won't do with me"? I never made love to his wife!

Edm. Understand, that lady is my cousin.

Ana. I know it. Well, and then?

Edm. What do you mean by "Well, and then"? Was she not here this morning—here, sir—here with you, in that chamber?

Ana. Well, and then?

Edm. Is she not there now?

Ana. Well, and then?

Edm. Do you imagine that I will suffer it? No, sir; I'll be revenged!

Ana. For what? You might as well bump your head against the wall as to—

Mrs. R. (*Half opening the door.*) Edmond—cousin!

Edm. Ah, 'tis she!

Ana. These people have forced me to pass a most atrocious half-hour!

Edm. My dear fellow, keep an eye to the door.

Ana. (*Near the door.*) Upon my life, that's cool!

Mrs. R. (*To Edmond.*) I should have been lost,

but for the generous hospitality of Mr. Anatole—the kindest of men!

Ana. They are galloping up-stairs—I hear the Captain and Mrs. Sniggs!

Edm. My dear cousin! [*She goes into room.*] My worthy friend!

Ana. Friend!

Edm. Mrs. Rocket has satisfactorily explained everything.

Ana. That's all very well; but they'll force the door open.

Edm. Sooner shall they destroy us both!

Ana. Both! Much obliged—

Edm. My fate shall be thine!

Ana. What a consolation!

Enter CAPTAIN ROCKET and MRS. SNIGGS, c. d.

Capt. R. Then she is here! I suspected it.

Mrs. S. Yes, in that room

Edm. (*Aside to Anatole.*) Answer boldly.

Ana. (*Aside to Edmond.*) Yes; but you must support me.

Capt. R. You will instantly cause the door of that room to be opened.

Ana. And by what right, ex-Captain Rocket, late of the Lumber Troop, do you dare thus to violate the domicile of a peaceable citizen?

Capt. R. Pooh! Nonsense! Will you open that door?

Ana. Decidedly not! I am an Englishman, you are an Englishman, we are all Englishmen. (*Aside to Edmond.*) Stick to me!

Edm. Are you aware, sir, that the laws—

Ana. Very true. We have plenty of laws—new ones every day. If you please, you can send, or go yourself for a policeman.

Edm. And his staff—

Ana. And his staff!

Capt. R. So, gentlemen, you have joined forces. We shall all three be better able to understand one another. In the meantime, will you open that door?

Edm. Never!

Ana. Never!

Capt. R. The lady concealed in that room is my lawful wife, and by the authority which I, as a husband, have over her—

Enter ELLEN, from room, L. H.

Ellen. Over me?

Capt. R. Eh!

Mrs. S. My niece!

All. Ellen!

Ellen. (*Crossing to Captain Rocket.*) You wouldn't, I am sure, be so cruel as to compromise a poor girl's reputation.

Mrs. S. Ellen—shameful—scandalous—awful!

Ellen. But if he marries me, aunt?

Ana. Decidedly, she is a dear good girl.

Edm. Very strange!

Capt. R. You, miss, in that room?

Ellen. I was there this morning when you paid your first visit.

Mrs. S. What will be the consequence?

Ellen. But if he marries me, aunt?

Capt. R. I didn't see you.

Ana. No; she was concealed in the folds of the curtains.

Capt. R. I will be convinced. (*Goes to room and calls.*) Mrs. Rocket—Caroline!

MRS. ROCKET appears at c. d.

Mrs. R. I am here, sir.

Capt. R. Is it possible?

Ana. (Aside.) Wonderful!

Edm. (Aside.) Miraculous!

Mrs. R. You are now, I trust, fully convinced of the injustice of your suspicions. Promise to become penitent, and—

Ana. Yes; do be penitent.

All. Do be penitent!

Mrs. R. And I may, perhaps, forgive you.

Capt. R. I have been rather hasty.

All. You have, you have!

Capt. R. I confess my folly. Come, my Caroline, rush into the faithful arms of your own Augustus! (They embrace.)

Ana. What a situation for a ballet! (To Ellen, aside.) I can't imagine how you managed it.

Ellen. (Aside.) The little private door on the back stairs.

Ana. (Aside.) And the key?

Ellen. (Gives key.) I give to my husband.

Ana. Well, Captain, I hope it will continue to be l'cté with us all. Why should married people be dos-a-dos to each other's interests? (To Edmond.) I think I heard you say you wanted a principal dancer.

Edm. You are engaged!

Ana. Upon reflection, though, I am as good as under articles to the future Mrs. Anatole Perrot Tims. (Kissing her hand.)

Ellen. Oh, how nice!

Ana. Perhaps, after all, I had better try my fortune here—advertise that lessons in dancing may be had every night from one to four shillings per lesson. This has been a dreadful day; but if I have succeeded in surmounting the difficulties without making a faux pas, I shall not regret the danger and anxiety occasioned by the YELLOW KIDS.

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